

What are YOU Thankful for?



The Other Press

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Room 1020 – 700
Royal Avenue,
New Westminster, BC
V3L 5B2

TELEPHONE: 604.525.3542
FAX: 604.525.3505

EDITOR IN CHIEF
J.J. McCullough
editor.otherpress@gmail.com

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Iain Reeve
op.associate@gmail.com

NEWS EDITOR
vacant
opnewseditor@gmail.com

SPORTS EDITOR
Steph Smith
op.sports@gmail.com

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR
Luke Simcoe
aeditor@gmail.com

OPINIONS EDITOR
Laura Kelsey
bradyehler@gmail.com

GRAPHICS
vacant

LAYOUT
Angela Blattmann
boomboomdarkroom@yahoo.ca

PHOTOGRAPHER
Angel Desjarlais
seraph3000@hotmail.com

WEB/I.T.
Edward Keech
other_press@shaw.ca

DISTRIBUTION MANAGER
Derek Ungless

OFFICE MANAGER
vacant

ACCOUNTANT
Mark Fisher

ILLUSTRATOR
J.J. McCullough
wart_mamu@yahoo.com

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Luke Simcoe
lukesimcoe@yahoo.ca

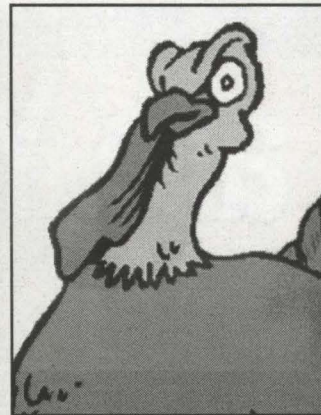
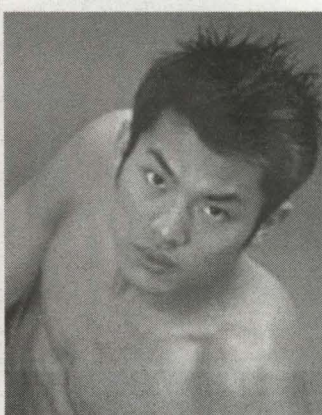
REGULAR COLUMNISTS
Dr. David Suzuki
Sunny Park

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Travis Patterson

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SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The weekly deadline for submissions is Wednesday for publication the following Wednesday. Letters to the Editor and "time-sensitive" articles (weekend news, sports, and cultural reviews) will be accepted until Saturday noon and can be submitted to the editor at: editor.otherpress@gmail.com. All other submissions should be forwarded to the appropriate section editor. Please include your name, phone number/email address, word count, and submit via email as

an MS Word.doc attachment to the attention of the appropriate editor.

The Other Press is run by a collective, which means all decisions are reached via a democratic voting process. Membership in the voting collective is open to any person who has contributed to at least two of three consecutive issues. Those interested in joining the Other Press collective should contact the editor at editor.otherpress@gmail.com

NEWS SUBMISSIONS
editor.otherpress@gmail.com

SPORTS SUBMISSIONS
opsports@gmail.com

A&E SUBMISSIONS
aeditor@gmail.com

FEATURE ARTICLES
editor.otherpress@gmail.com

OPINION ARTICLES
drsexysex@yahoo.ca

WHO WE ARE

The Other Press has been Douglas College's autonomous student newspaper since 1976. Since 1978 we have been a registered society under the Society Act of British Columbia. The Other Press is published weekly during the fall and winter semesters, and monthly during the summer. We receive our funding from a student levy collected every semester at registration, and from local and national advertising revenue. The Other Press is a member of the Canadian University Press

(CUP), a cooperative of student newspapers from across Canada. The Other Press reserves the right to choose what we will publish, and we will not publish material that is racist, sexist, homophobic, or condones or promotes illegal activities. Submissions may be edited for clarity and brevity if necessary.

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LETTITOR



So last Tuesday I ran into Brian Mulroney. Not accidentally, of course. A few weeks ago I heard was doing something at the downtown Chapters (you can read my full coverage on page five) so I figured I may as well drop by to see. I thought maybe we'd have a casual chat, take a few photos with my arm around his shoulders, that sort of thing.

That was rather naïve thinking, in retrospect. Former prime ministers are a hot item, and the Chapters people had Brian on a very short leash. As I sat in the audience awaiting the great man's arrival, the Chapters woman barked out that Mr. Mulroney would be doing *no* personal signings and *no* posed photographs. Once his speech concluded we were to line up like obedient serfs, books in hand, and Mulroney would systematically sign them one after another. There would be time for exactly one sentence of attempted small-talk.

"It was quite an honor to hear you speak" I said quickly when my time came. "You're a very fine speaker." He thanked me, in that wonderfully low voice of his, then I had to dash to the left so the people behind me wouldn't think I was hogging.

As far as visits with heads of state go, it was one of my lamer experiences. And I've had a few.

I met Prime Minister Ehud Barak of Israel last year. It was at some Oak Street banquet for friends of Israel. I patiently waited for the crowds around him to disperse, then asked, as politely as I could, if I could get a photo with him. All I got was a look of utter contempt. Maybe my yarmulke was crooked.

Then there was the time I met Adrienne Clarkson, a woman I have always loathed. Getting face time with her was no problem; events with the Governor General do not tend to draw large crowds. But it was the first time I'd ever met anyone even closely resembling a world leader, and within minutes of speaking to her I felt my republican contempt for this useless symbol of pointless extravagance melt into childish star-struckness. "I hope the next Governor General is half as good as you are!" I said to her before leaving, and muttered "stupid stupid stupid" to myself all the way home.

I met the Queen once too, but all she did was smile and nod, as she's been doing more or less continually since 1952. And I've shaken Harper's hand, but that was equally unspectacular. My only lasting memory is that his palm felt doughy.

Heads of State are basically just normal people like you or I. Once you get a couple of visits out of your system you begin to realize how thoroughly unspectacular these men and women are. After this latest disappointment, I think I'll just stick with cardboard cut outs from now on. At least *they're* always willing to pose with you.

J.J. McCullough, Editor in Chief of the Other Press

Canadian Federation of Students to Target Public Transit in New Campaign

JJ McCullough, OP Editor

The Canadian Federation of Students has turned its sights towards the Lower Mainland's public transportation system in a new campaign launched last Wednesday. In a high-profile kickoff at the busy Broadway/Commercial Drive SkyTrain station, over 20 student union officials from a variety of different Lower Mainland colleges and universities gathered to petition passers-by to voice their displeasure with public transportation in the province. The petition—addressed to the federal, provincial, and local governments, as well as TransLink and BC Transit—declares, in part “we are tired of being late for class and work thanks to infrequent service” and calls for a “big-picture plan... to increase the frequency of trips to campuses across the province” while also reducing service fees.

Student ridership of buses and SkyTrains has increased dramatically in recent years, in large part because both SFU and UBC have introduced the “U-Pass” program where students receive an all-access transit pass as an automatic perk of their enrollment. Transit service has not kept up with the increased demand, however, which has led to crowded buses and long lines

at many busy stops. The Broadway/Commercial station, which features a shuttle bus for UBC commuters, is one of the busiest of all, making it an attractive location for the petition launch.

Though September 26 marked the official launch, the CFS' petition campaign, known as “We Ride: Student Action for Public Transit,” has been in action for several weeks. According to CFS officials, the effort has so far gathered over 1,000 signatures. Shemus Reid, the CFS-BC chairman, said that similar public petition drives would likely continue to be held in coming weeks in order to raise further public awareness and “put a human face on the transit situation.” Though the CFS does not have a deadline in mind for the petition's completion and submission, Reid suggested his group would be keeping the month of February in mind, as it will mark the release of the provincial government's new budget for the coming year.

Sebastian Bubrick, the Douglas Student Union's David Lam representative, who also serves as the chair of the DSU's representative committee, was on hand for what he described as a “really great” event. “It was really cool to see not only student support, but public support for the

campaign as well,” he said.

Speaking to the OP, Bubrick noted that a lot of student unions across the province are currently perusing campaigns to improve public transportation, and expressed hope that

the “We Ride” campaign could “bring them together and make the call for government action heard.”

“The sweet thing is, better transit is something everybody can benefit from,” he added.



Two Officials Leave Student Union

JJ McCullough, OP Editor



Jessica McCallum, retiring member-at-large

Following on the heels of the resignation of Pride Liaison Nathaniel Wolfe last month, the Douglas Students Union saw two more officials leave the organization last week, though for decidedly different reasons.

Benjamin Johnson, the assistant to the DSU's court-appointed receiver-manager formally ended his employment with the student union on September 28, following the expiration of his one year contract.

Marne Jensen,

the receiver-manager, had originally hired Johnson to assist her shortly after her own appointment last September. With Jensen frequently off campus due to her full-time employment at the University of Victoria, Johnson handled much of the DSU's day-to-day financial management—making him one of the student union's most important players. A permanent replacement is expected to be announced by Jensen sometime in the near future.

The other notable departure was that of Jessica McCallum, one of three “members at large” currently serving on the DSU board of directors. McCallum was originally elected as a member of the “Revive” slate that swept to office in last year's election, but has now decided to step down due to time concerns. Since February, McCallum has been working at a community centre in Burnaby, and was recently promoted to a more senior position. She is also a Sunday school teacher who is actively involved in her church. With more and more of her time being consumed by

these two obligations—along with her studies—she felt she no longer had sufficient energy to devote to her duties at the DSU.

“I feel overwhelmed and a little sad to be honest,” she said. “I really enjoyed working with the other union reps over the summer and I felt we accomplished a lot. But I also need to remember I have career goal and aspirations, and I need to sort out my priorities too.”

McCallum denied her resignation was motivated by any political disputes, and other DSU representatives reflected sadly on her departure.

Though the DSU board now has two vacancies, Alysia MacGrotty, the DSU external relations officer, said there are no immediate plans to appoint replacements, instead suggesting the board will wait until the student union holds its annual general meeting, currently expected sometime in late fall.

New West Condo Burns Down

JJ McCullough, OP Editor

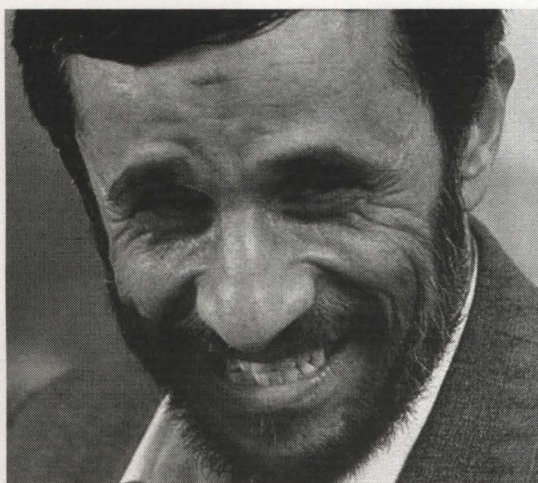
Millions of dollars of property went up in flames last week as a nearly-completed New Westminster condominium complex unexpectedly caught fire on September 26.

The complex, located on Sapperton street, less than a block away from Royal Columbian Hospital, caught fire at approximately 5pm, and burned for several hours until fire crew could bring the blaze under control. According to fire officials, flames leapt as high as 100 feet and smoke was visible from Vancouver.

25 of the complex's 231 suites were completely destroyed, with dozens more badly fire damaged. Within days much of the wreckage was demolished, leaving only a vacant lot. No cause of fire or damage estimate had been released as of press time, but the costs will likely be in the millions. The condo complex, known as CopperStone, was an upscale community with a collective value estimated at \$26 million.

Iran's Leader Makes Controversial Visit to US University

JJ McCullough



All eyes were once again on Mahmoud Ahmadinejad last week as the controversial Iranian president gave his first ever speech before a US audience.

In New York as part of a brief tour before a scheduled appearance before the United Nations, Ahmadinejad had been invited as a guest speaker at the state's prestigious Columbia University. He accepted, and on

September 24 the Iranian leader gave a brief speech before a crowd of nearly 700 students and teachers before launching into a vigorous question-and-answer session with the audience. Before he could begin, however, Lee Bollinger, the University president, gave the Iranian leader a decidedly unfavourable introduction, blasting him as a "petty and cruel dictator" and describing his views as "brazenly provocative or stunningly uneducated."

As the event progressed, Ahmadinejad was similarly assailed with many audience criticisms about his views on the Holocaust and Israel. In the past, Ahmadinejad has earned great global criticism for publicly expressing doubt on the existence of the Holocaust, as well as viciously criticizing Zionism and Israel. Declaring himself to be "a friend of the Jewish people" the president responded carefully, and never

explicitly supported or denounced some of his previous statements. Instead, he suggested that scholars with "a different perspective" on the Holocaust should be allowed to research freely, and rhetorically asked "why must the Palestinians pay" for the crimes of Nazi Germany.

Columbia's decision to host Ahmadinejad has been a source of much controversy both in the US and abroad. Outside the university gates thousands of protestors marched in opposition to the visit, many of whom waved placards with pro-Israeli slogans. Newspaper editorial boards representing both the right and the left side of the political spectrum were similarly vocal. In Canada, the *National Post* blasted Columbia for "rolling out the red carpet" for a "Holocaust-fudging, terror-sponsoring dictator," while the *Toronto Star* in contrast blasted Ahmadinejad's critics for engaging in counter-productive "rhetorical overkill."

Former Prime Minister Visits Vancouver

JJ McCullough, OP Editor

Former Prime Minister Brian Mulroney was in town last week, the latest stop in a cross-country tour to promote his recently released memoirs.

After a packed downtown luncheon hosted by the conservative Fraser Institute, Mulroney attended a September 25 public speaking engagement at the Robson Street Chapters, drawing another sizeable audience. Media reports estimate around 200 people crowded into the downtown bookstore to get a glimpse of the former Progressive Conservative leader. Security was tight, though there were no hecklers or disruptions.

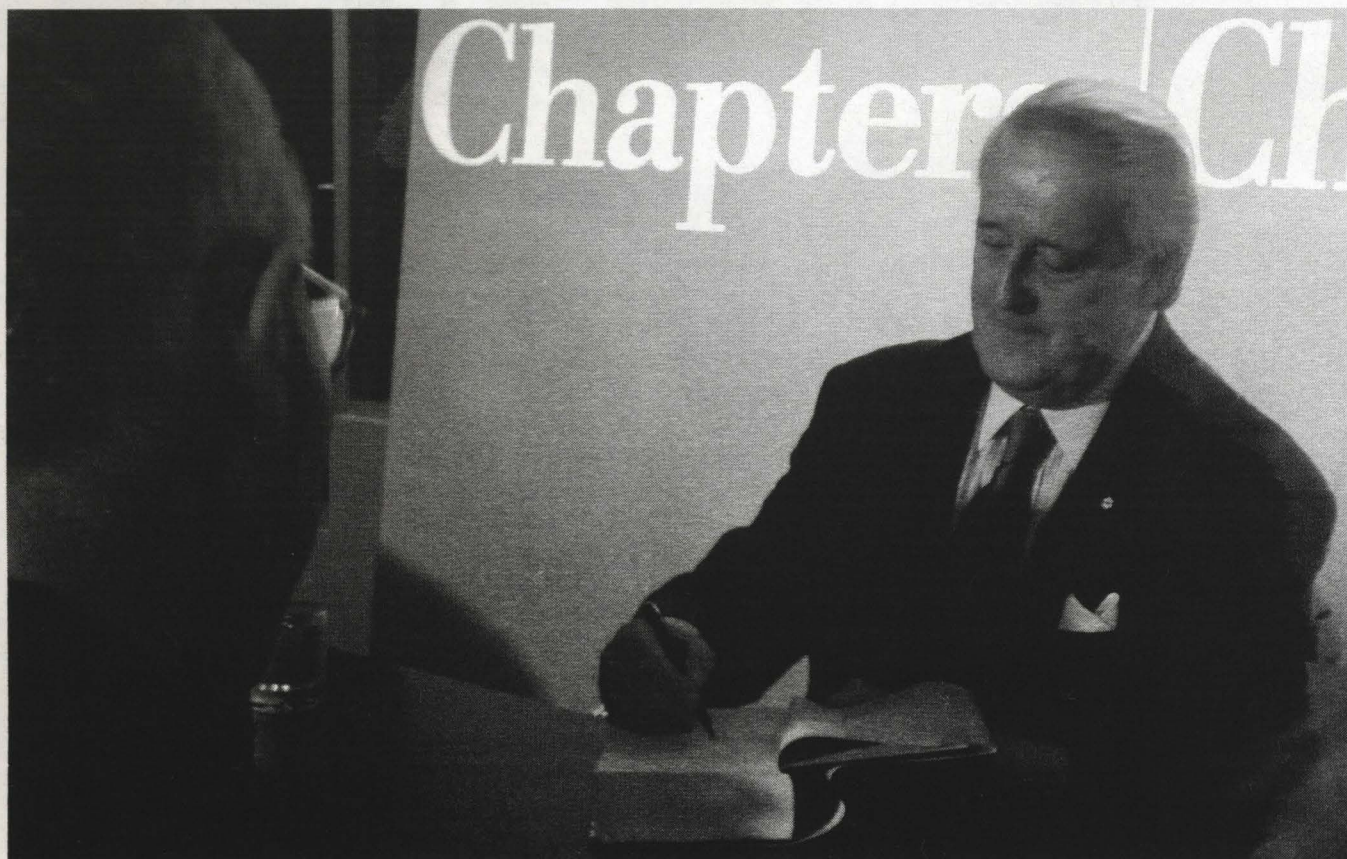
In an hour-long speech peppered with frequent jokes, Mulroney reflected fondly on his life story, from his working-class childhood in Baie-Comeau, Quebec, to his successful career in the private sector, and then his short but eventful political career. Openly self-congratulatory, he praised his nine year government's political record and called attention to his recent accolades, including a 2006 survey of Canadian environmentalists that named him the "greenest prime minister" in history. Though Mulroney left office as one of the most widely disliked

prime ministers in Canadian history, he suggested that he believed his reputation may be changing with time, and indicated his memoirs were at least partially intended to further that effort.

"History will be kind to me, for I intend to write it," he joked, quoting Winston Churchill.

Mulroney's memoirs have already become a best-seller in Canada,

climbing to the number one spot on the *Globe and Mail* "top hardcovers" non-fiction list. At over 1,000 pages they are the longest single-volume memoirs of any modern prime minister.



Brian Mulroney signs books at Chapters

PHOTO BY JJ McCULLOUGH

Union? What Union?

Greetings and salutations from the Douglas Students Union, I trust that your classes are going well and all of you, like me, are beginning to feel the stress and pressure of "back to school". Most of you have probably all had an exam or major project such as a debate, essay or paper due and are already behind in most of your readings. Don't worry your not the only one.

This is my second year here at Douglas and I am still adjusting to college life and the pressures that come with it. When I arrived here at Douglas last September I was greeted by a concourse full of tables and people looking to sell things, I felt like I was

going to a bazaar rather than school. Excited and a little nervous I walked over to the table labeled "Douglas Student Union" where I was greeted with a smile and an agenda and sent on my way.

That was the last I heard of the Student Union until the following February when a friend informed me of the importance of the Union and its impact on my education.

Student Union Speak

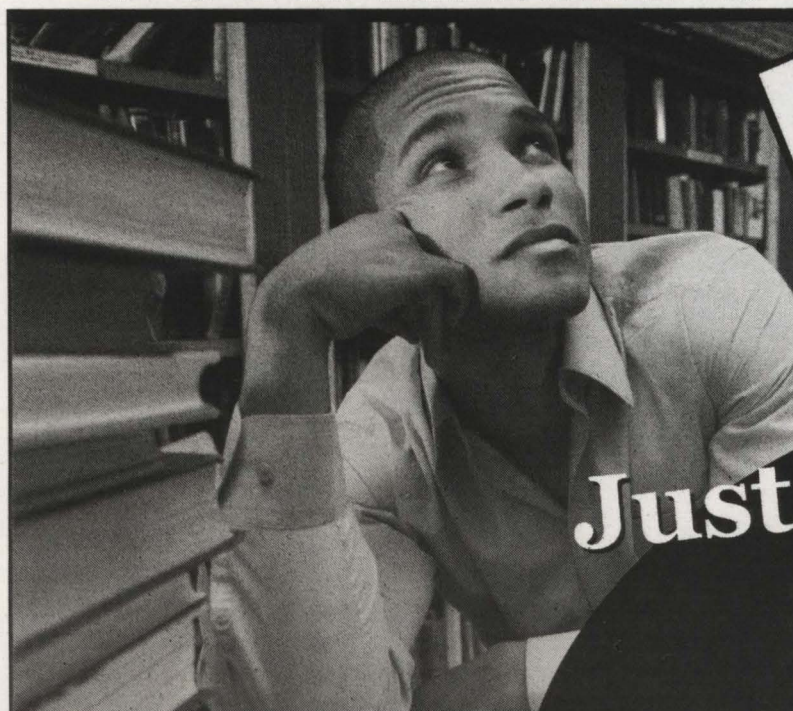
I, along with my other REBUILD candidates, was elected to represent the students beginning in May. The summer was a long and hard few months trying to get the DSU up to par for September and trying to make sure that it wasn't


just a place to get your handbook and then forget about it. I have heard many of my classmates and friends ask "what union?" I wasn't shocked to

find that most of the students were not really interested in the DSU and didn't really know what they had to do with them.

This is your union; you have the power to make a difference in your school and in your education. We are students too and we understand the difficulties you face everyday. If you are ever unsure of what the union is or what it does come to a meeting or come by the office we need students input we make decisions regarding events, groups, student's issues and how your union fees get spent. The meetings every other Wednesday at alternating campuses at 430 come by and see what it's all about.

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Back to Fool: My Annual Complaints

Laura Kelsey

So the 2007 fall semester is in full swing here at Douglas, and I'd like to be the first to take a swing at the college. As I am unsure of whom to address my complaints to, I will exercise my right to protest in print, and at the same time (hopefully) give the hint to any readers who may be perpetrating the problems I discuss.

My first seal of disapproval is to be stamped on the foreheads of all the smokers outside the west entrance of the foyer. There is a designated smoking area for these students and faculty, but most of the time—especially when it rains—they huddle around the door like a herd of water buffalo protecting their young—but they are hurting others, not helping anyone, and security needs to address the issue.

I understand that in a few years outdoor smoking areas will be banned altogether, but I will have moved on by then, and future bylaws do not help my present lung capacity.

My next grievance involves health as well—it seems that most able-bodied students do not realize that the elevator needs to be free for those who are mobility-impaired, or for staff moving

large appliances.

Recently, I was injured and found myself having a very hard time getting around. As a usually active person, I am inclined to take the stairs to classes; but my damaged legs no longer agree with

"Stairs are great for your ass—so I implore the student body to use them"

me. I should be using one of the school's elevators, rather than limping up the stairs to the fifth floor.

Instead, I learned quickly that lazy students are constantly filling the elevator, making it take much longer than necessary, and discouraging me from using it. Granted, students are only human, and humans get tired and damaged. But I find it hard to believe so many students are physically disabled, whether permanently or temporarily—especially when the elevator doors open and people come pushing in before I can exit.

Stairs are great for your ass—some folk even pay to use the Stairmasters in the gym. So, I implore the student body to leave the elevator to those whose bodies are broken.

My final gripe is ripe with bitterness, so I will try to keep it light. The bookstore is a constant source of scowl-faced students, what with its

ever-increasing prices and lack of used books. But last week, I was faced with a new bookstore induced grumble—the Douglas College book return policy.

The policy states, "Returns will be accepted within 14 calendar days *with the sales receipt*." This makes enough sense: The bookstore needs to keep things up-to-date, and it does not want to be ripped off. I feel the same way.

So, when, in a flurry of book purchases, I bought the *wrong* course pack and lost my sales receipt, I went back just days later to *exchange* the *unopened*, still current pack.

Unfortunately for me, the incorrect item I bought was just over \$10, and the one I actually needed was \$44.10. But my luck got worse, because the clerk refused to exchange the course packs, even though I wanted to swap for a more expensive item. When I asked where I could complain, she said, "Nowhere." And therefore I aired my dirty displeasure here in the college newspaper. But, in doing so, I encourage all students to write in to the paper about their complaints and voice their concerns in our letters section—because that's one reason we have it. Complain about me complaining; I'll just bitch right back.

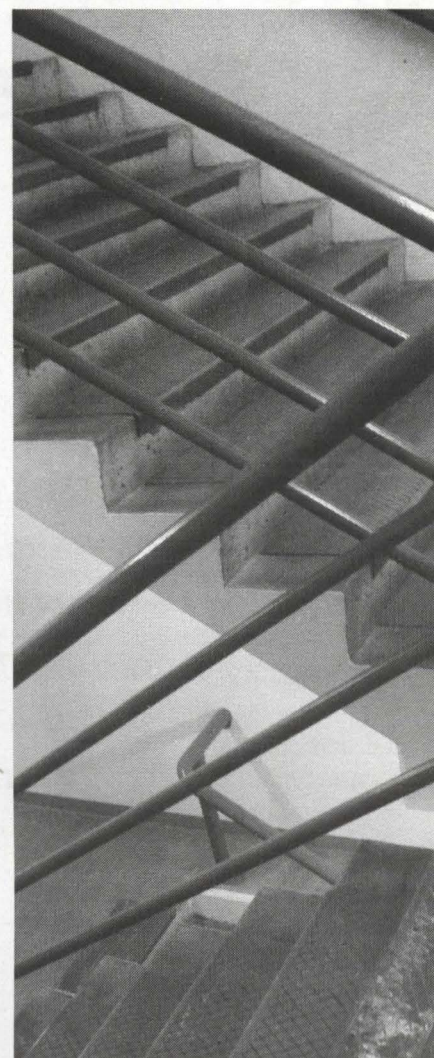
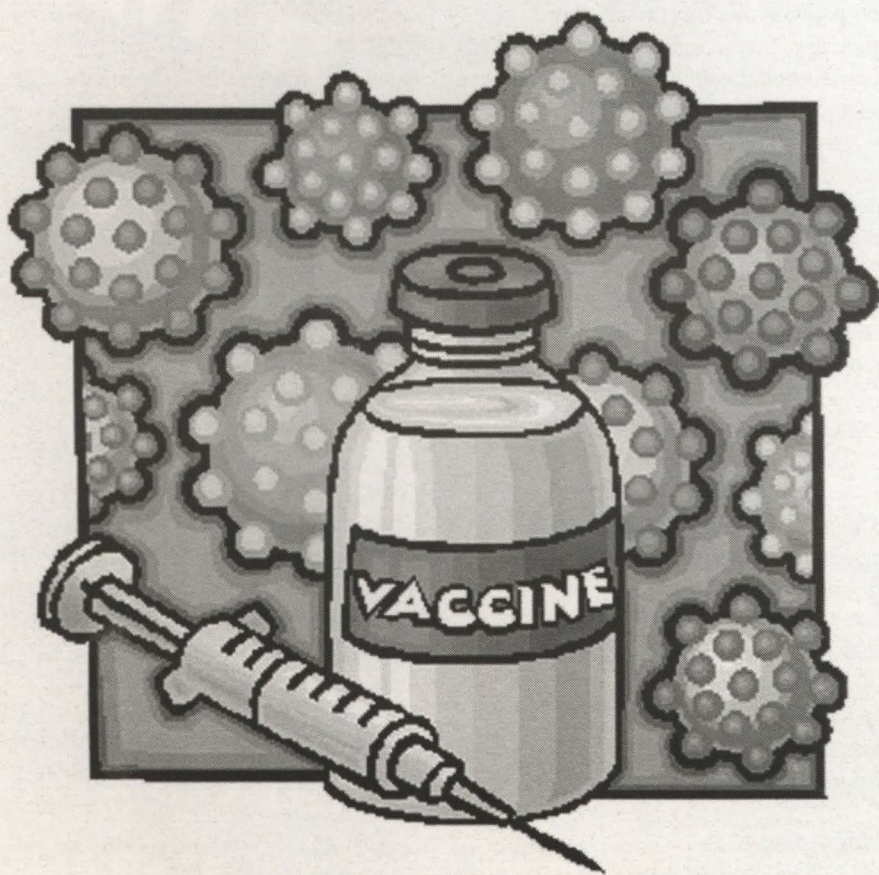


PHOTO BY JJ McCULLOUGH

Wait, so I'm not "HB Free" after all?

Laura Kelsey



After a series of three vaccine shots spaced over the sixth grade, most of my classmates and I received pins that we proudly displayed on our oversized t-shirts. The buttons read "I B HB FREE": The simplicity of the message kept the slogan in my head for the next ten years.

In that time, when the need for medical blood work arose, I proudly reiterated the pin's straightforward saying, comforted in my belief that I would never be susceptible to the disease. And doctors never second-guessed the vaccine's preventative power—so I was never tested.

Then, last month, during a session of routine allergy analysis, my doctor decided to order extra blood work. With the tests, he included the ABC's of Hepatitis—which I scoffed at.

"No worries about the Hep B, doc! I've been vaccinated, so 'I B HB FREE.'"

But the testing went ahead, anyways, and I received the strange results a few weeks later. Everything was normal,

not even a cat allergy. What shocked me was what I *didn't* have in my blood.

The doctor explained to me that I did not have the Hepatitis B anti-bodies that had been injected into when I was 11 years old; so, although I did not have the disease, it was as though I had never been vaccinated.

I was stunned. All these years I had assumed I had been immune to an illness that I was very much vulnerable to. What happens if I had said yes to a Hep B-sufferers orgy, or became blood brothers with a group of suspiciously jaundiced locals—all the while thinking I was resistant to their physical plight?

The vaccine gave me a false sense of security, and its failings remind me how there is rarely 100 percent protection toward the prevention of disease; and it also had me wondering if further testing is required to determine if any other vaccines or immunizations have failed over my lifetime. In sixth grade, I got my pin, but no proof—I will definitely not be led blindly to a needle again!

A Thanks to Silence, Sex and All Things Sacred

Laura Kelsey

Everybody should spend a week in a hospital, strapped down to a bed by an interlacing network of tubes that simultaneously give and take fluids from their shrivelling body. It not only gives a person a new outlook on his or her life, but a new appreciation for other humans as well.

Hospitals are a place where humanity's strengths and flaws are clearly displayed, from the caring nurse, to the impatient doctor—or vice versa. Within the walls of a medical facility are a million memories of pain, yearning, and death.

For so many people, a hospital is the last place they ever saw grandma, or the setting where their brother was pronounced dead after an accident. So, when it comes time to visit other family or friends who have fallen ill, the sterile smell and the pasty walls of the building trigger a person's recollection of grief and fear, which prevents her from being with a loved one that needs them at her bedside.

But as scary as hospitals can be, there are also flowers and forgiveness in the facilities; and in honour of Thanksgiving, here are a list of new appreciations that may happen to strike a person after a week in a gurney.

Food: When a human hasn't eaten for a week, strange food combinations start to sound delicious: McNuggets on pizza, ice cream on toast—anything to fill the aching void of a shrinking stomach and an empty mouth. Dreams of delicacies only taunt a starving palate, and TV throws constant insults by way of appetizing advertisements—all while the doctors refuse to put chocolate in the IV drips.

Friends: A person will always remember who didn't care when she was ill—but she will also never forget those that did. Small gifts go a long way in a hospital room, and even a hand-made card can be a best friend on a long, lonely night.

Mobility: Being strapped to a bed is

sometimes kinky—but a week in a bed can drive a soul mad. And the physical feeling isn't any better. Unless someone spends 24 hours a day watching TV or playing video games, even the most sedentary spirit gets restless in a bed where the only movement is the twitch of her toes.

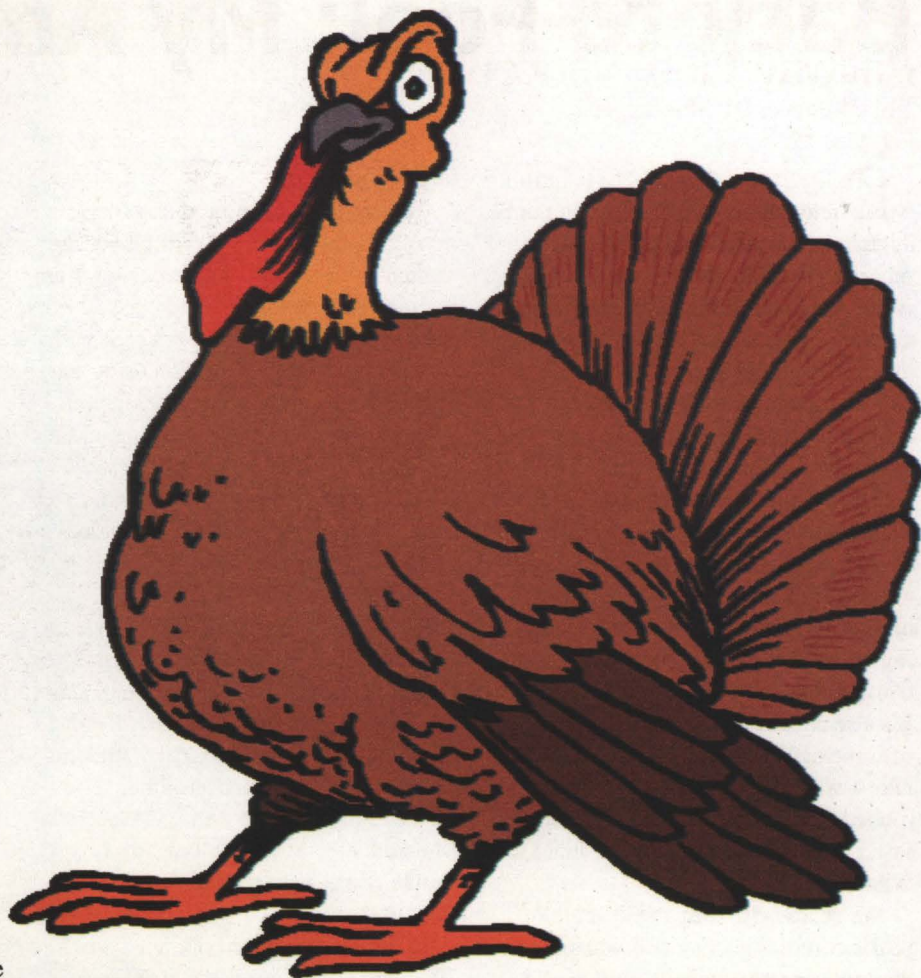
"There is no space for embarrassment in a hospital ward, where farts and food are regurgitated all around"

Nurses: Nurses need to be hugged hard and often by their friends and families, as they have one of the toughest jobs on Earth: A job that requires patience and authority, compassion and detachment. While writers must deal with irritated editors, and salesmen juggle cranky

clients, nurses have a whole world of shit to contend with—literally. Nurses must deal with fluids and excrement of gastronomical proportions, along with dying babies and demanding patients. Anyone that can stand those conditions deserves a hug and a large paycheck.

Privacy and Sexuality: When a patient is admitted to hospital, two aspects of life are traded with entrance so that one can receive care—signing in means signing away shame and sexuality. There is no space for embarrassment in a ward, and as farts and food are regurgitated all around, there is not a lot of room for romance either—unless a patient is a frequenter of medsex.com. But patients need a sense of normalcy, and many attempt to fix their hair or conceal under-eye circles—all in vain. Energy spent on appearance in a hospital is energy better spent on recovery—if one is sick, others will understand if she looks sick! One can always tell how long a person has been in a hospital by how tightly she ties her gown—by day five, no one cares anymore—and there are bottoms-a-plenty to be seen on any floor.

Seniors: The news often says, "the population is aging," which is no surprise, as people get old. But the reality is old folks seem to be multiplying and toothlessly consuming our healthcare dollars and hospital beds. Although calls for a geriatric genocide have yet to be answered, it does seem



strange to observe an 80 pound 90 year old being supplied with an artificial joint if her biological clock is already on borrowed time. But life doesn't end at 50, and joy doesn't end with the loss of libido—love and wonder still visit a woman even if her period does not. Elders are to be treated with respect, living or dying—there can be a lot of wisdom behind those wrinkle-rimmed eyes.

Silence: Living at the corner of Hastings St. and Boundary could not prepare anyone for the unnerving ruckus of an emergency ward, or the constant whirl of machines and pumps in a recovery room. The sound of traffic is surprisingly calming when compared to a hospital's continuous commotion—even a traffic accident has more of an audible appeal than a nurse screaming "Code Blue" over the intercom. At least with the traffic accident there is a chance that no one is injured, and that a regular Joe can run out and offer aid to victims rather than watch doctors pump "Code Blue's" chest and stand-by, helpless.

Sleep: Sleep is a glorious, elusive sanctuary that is never to be taken for granted.

Swear words: Cursing is a liberating act of freedom—so go give a good "FUCK BLUBBER!!!" to the sky right now—because the outdoors won't mind, but a hospital room full of quiet patients will!

Water: Water is a mesmerizing entity when it is scarce—there is nothing like

a shower after bathing in sweat and blood for a few days—even if the hot faucet is broken.

Windows: A person can memorize a large tree if they stare at it for long enough—the amount of branches it has, the way it glitters when the breeze that she can't feel sweeps through its leaves. If eyes are the windows to the soul, then windows are the soul of a hospital; the glass may prevent a patient from leaving, but its pane will still allow a mind to wander when there is nothing else to look at.

Women: Women very commonly view other women as competition—competition for dates, for jobs, for attention—and often admire the "brotherhood" guys seem to belong to with their friends. "Bros before hoes" is a more familiar term to most than "chicks before dicks." A girl has an air of pride about her when she proclaims, "I'm one of the guys"—when she is actually "one of the guys that the real guys hang out with to fuck." It is not uncommon for women to view other females as bitchy, backstabbing whores—until they are faced with adversity, and realize other women really do "got their back." Females that a woman thought long forgotten will come out of the woodwork to her side, while the men in her life just wonder where their bed mate has gone.

At the risk of sounding demented, the world may be a better place if more people got sick—Thanksgiving would be more about thanks than turkey.

A Kneecap of Shindig

Railway Club, Vancouver, September 11 to October 23

Luke Simcoe, OP Shindigger

Dictionary.com defines a “shindig” as an “elaborate or large dance, party, or other celebration.” Now, I don’t know where the fine folks at Dictionary.com get their information, but last time I checked, Shindig meant “Vancouver’s best and longest running battle of the bands.” I tell you, there’s no accountability on the internet.

The point is that every year, CiTR’s Shindig takes over the Railway Club every Tuesday night from late September to early December. The evenings are always a mix of good, bad, and mediocre music, as well as cheap drinks, random conversation, and too many cigarettes. It’s also a great place to catch a glimpse of some of Vancouver’s musical elite—why, just this past Tuesday, I rubbed elbows with Chris-a-riffic and saw a dude who kind of looked like Luke Wilson!

We’re already three weeks into this year’s competition (we’re always so ‘current’ around here at the OP, aren’t we?), so it’s time for a bit of a recap before we launch into our picks for the coming rounds.

September 11

The bands: The National Shield, The Remedials, The SSRIs

Who won: The SSRIs

Why: I actually picked The National Shield to win this one, but the band’s set was a little lackluster and leaned away from the uptempo 60s inspired power-pop that constitutes their bread and butter. The Remedials bassist warmed



up with the bass line from The Dead Kennedy’s “Holiday in Cambodia,” and the rest of the set was some delightfully straightforward punk rawk, but ultimately it was the SSRIs, with their poppy, noisy, Blood Brothers-tinged take on guitar, drums, and keyboard that won over the judges.

September 18

The bands: The Dupobs, The Green Hour, Retrofire

Who won: Retrofire

Why: This might actually go down in history as a turning point for Shindig and the Vancouver music scene. Most people expected The Green Hour to go all the way that evening, but it wasn’t so. The band took about 45 minutes to set up, and arrived onstage looking they just won a shopping spree at True Value Vintage. The drummer was wearing eyeliner and the singer sang with an

unfortunately contrived British accent. Jabs at their image aside, The Green Hour is a good band, and they won’t have to win Shindig to go places with their “incense and peppermints” take on Brit-pop. Still, Retrofire’s youthful and earnest approach to metal-tinged 80s rock was just too refreshing after all that pretension, and the judges made a statement when they unanimously voted in favour of substance over style.

September 25

The bands: CANARIES, The Ludvico Treatment, Stolen Bicycles Gang

Who won: Stolen Bicycles Gang

Why: The Bicycles Gang has been generating a lot of local hype lately the old fashioned way: playing a ton of shows and being a good live act. Simply put, their fans came out in full force and helped lift the band’s catchy garage-rock over and above the played out noise-rock of CANARIES and the overwrought Fox Seeds-inspired wankery of The Ludvico Treatment.

And now on to some previews...

October 2

The bands: Gunshae, The Petroleum By-Products, The Wintermitts

Who will win: The Petroleum By-Products

Why: Well this one will have already happened by the time you’re reading this, but on an evening filled with stupid band names, I predict that the gritty, synth-driven new wave of The Petroleum By-Products will triumph. Gunshae is an experimental ambient band, which is basically slang for “won’t win at Shindig,” and The Wintermitts’ ‘frenchie’ indie rock is just too weird for my tastes.

October 9

The bands: A Relative Distance, The Skeddaddlers, Treacherous Machete

Who will win: Too close to call...

Why: Well, Treacherous Machete’s

“post-millennial blues garage punk” (I stole that from MySpace) has definitely been getting the most hype, but A Relative Distance, the moniker for Calgary ex-pat Jacqueline Bell’s mooney combination of unique vocals, piano, synth, and drum machine, could easily be a dark horse winner. And don’t count the Southern-fried Canadiana (wtf?) of The Skeddaddlers out either. This’ll be a close night.

October 16

The bands: Japandroids, Lownote, Vonnegut Dollhouse

Who will win: Japandroids

Why: Whew... this is gonna be a nail-biter too. I don’t think Lownote’s baroque, nautical-inspired compositions will translate well live, so the real battle is going to be the two-man rock n’ roll assault of Japandroids going toe to toe with the quirky indie-pop of one of the city’s most up and coming acts. It’s a tough call, but I’m of the belief that blistering, loud and catchy rock n’ roll will always triumph. Plus, Japandroids first EP, *All Lies*, has been in heavy rotation at my place for quite some time.

October 23

The bands: Fanshaw, The Noble Firs, The Public or the Press

Who will win: The Noble Firs

Why: While Fanshaw’s Feist-y acoustic rock will give them a run for their money, I think the Noble Fir’s infectious and lyrical alt-country will come out on top. Although their singer’s voice bears a passing resemblance to Mark Mothersbaugh of Devo, The Public or the Press doesn’t have a musical leg to stand on in this competition.

OK... that’s about as far into the future as I’m willing to peer. The Railway Club is located at 579 Dunsmuir St. in Vancouver, and Shindig starts every Tuesday night around 9pm. Hope to see you there.



PHOTOS BY LUKE SIMCOE

Fun with Shuttlecocks

Sunny Side Up

Sunny Park

I remember the first time I held a shuttlecock. It was small and soft, and fit nicely in the palm of my hand. I was just a Grade 11 student at the time, and I had little interest in anything that had to do with physical education. But my P.E. teacher, Mr. Brookes, a masculine, tattooed, intimidating man, was very insistent. So I grabbed that shuttlecock! From that moment it has remained an important part of my life.

Badminton is the only sport that I play for three reasons. First, because badminton is a sport that requires a lot of running, it helps develop attractive legs. It is hard to find a badminton player who has unattractive legs. Second, badminton is a very exciting sport. I have lost five pounds in two weeks since I have started playing the sport, and instead of being tired, I feel more energetic. Third, badminton helps to develop personal relationships. The sport requires a partner, so players have to learn how to treat the partner respectfully. This is a skill that is not only helpful on the badminton court, but in real life as well. Badminton is the only sport that I do regularly because it gives me beautiful legs, provides me with entertainment, and helps me to develop strong relationships. That is why I think everyone should play badminton.

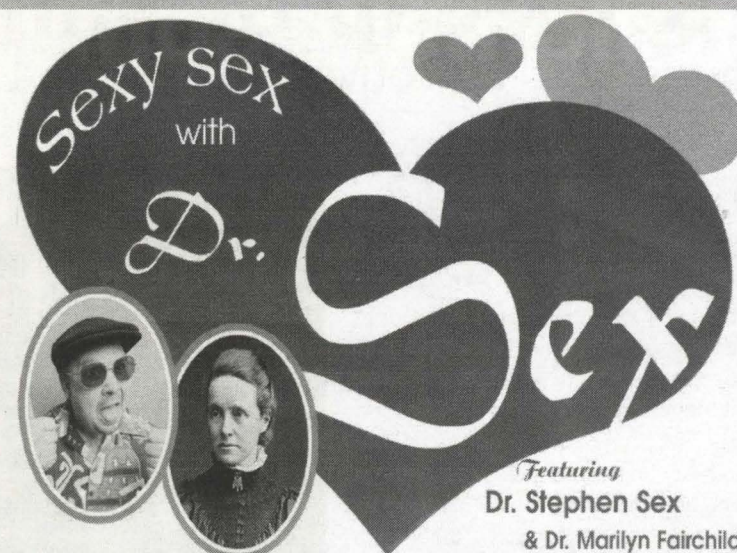
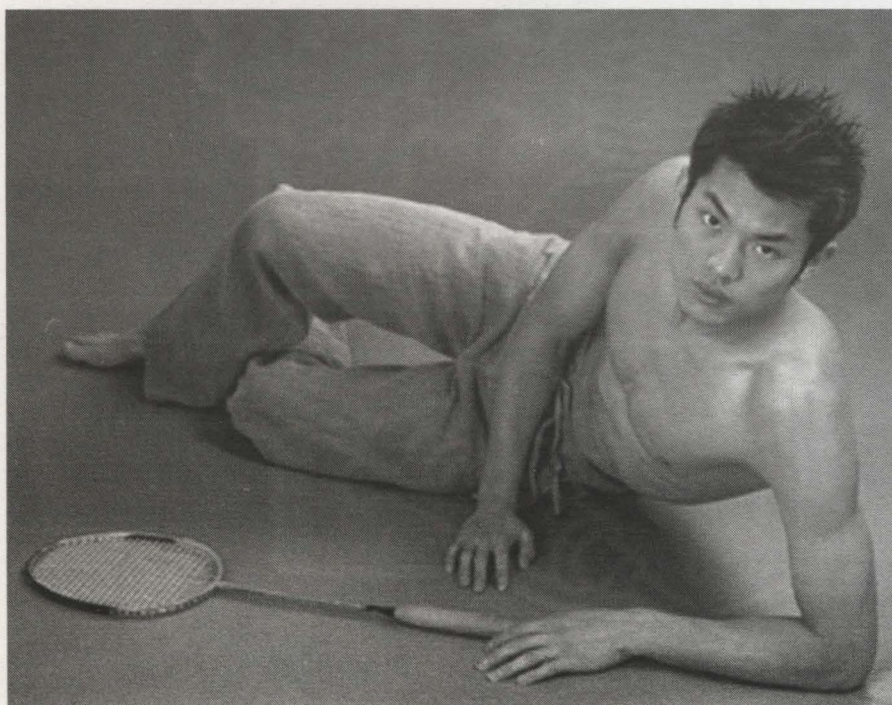
Of course, my deep desire for the sport that I love caused me to want to learn more about it. Badminton has been around since ancient times; an early form of the sport was even played in ancient Greece and Egypt. In Japan, a related game called *Hanetsuki* was

played as early as the 16th century. In the west, badminton came from a game called "battledore and shuttlecock," in which two or more players tried to keep a feathered shuttlecock in the air with small rackets. The game was called *Poona* in India during the 18th Century, and British Army Officers stationed there later took a competitive Indian version of the game back to England where it was played at country houses as an upper-class amusement. Isaac Spratt, a London toy dealer published a booklet, "Badminton Battledore — a new game" in 1860, but unfortunately no copy

have survived. Still, this amazing game continued on. Until 1887 the sport was played in England under the rules that prevailed in India. That year saw the Bath Badminton Club standardized the rules and made the game more applicable to English ideas. In 1893, the Badminton Association of England finally published the first set of rules according to these new regulations, similar to those of today, and officially launched the new badminton in a house called "Dunbar" at 6 Waverley Grove, Portsmouth, England on September 13 of that year. They later started the All England Open Badminton Championships, the first badminton competition in the world, in 1899.

My advice to all students at Douglas College is to grab a shuttlecock and never let go. It will take you to new heights of both physical and personal development. Yes, it can be quite addictive, but it's a very healthy addiction.

"My P.E. teacher, was very insistent. So I grabbed that shuttlecock!"



Farting makes sex stink

Dear Dr. Sex,

I have been with my boyfriend for just over a month, and he has begun doing something that turns me off him and the relationship *completely*. Last week, while we were kissing in his room, my boyfriend farted into his hand and then shoved it in my face, blasting the warm shot of gas right up my nose. I was pretty grossed out. Since then, it has gotten worse, even going as far as him farting into my salad at dinner yesterday. But when I bring my concerns up with him, he gets angry and says that farting is a natural process of the body and I shouldn't be such a prude. Am I overreacting? I mean, he isn't 12 years old—he's 25!

—Stinky Porthole

Dr. Sex: SP, what you are experiencing are what we dudes call "cup-a-farts." Usually this fragrant behaviour is reserved only for the eyes (and noses) of other men, but it seems your boyfriend has deemed you worthy take his toots.

Dr. Fairchild: I don't believe it's a sign of worthiness at all, Dr. Sex. It sounds as though your guy is showing how comfortable he is around you.

Dr. Sex: Or, he could be marking his territory!

Dr. Fairchild: Nevertheless, farting on a female is *not* normal behaviour, and your guy needs a dose of reality and maturity. Honestly, Dr. Sex and I were married for years, and, as offensive as he can be, he never farted in front of me *once*!

Dr. Sex: Well, there were some silent ones that I blamed on the dog, but besides that I do manage to keep my bodily functions to myself. Your boyfriend's 'brother brown mouth' seems to be a bit too talkative—he could have gastrointestinal issues.

Dr. Fairchild: SP, you bagged yourself a boy with a back-door trumpet, and whether it is caused by a mental or physical ailment, it is frustrating to be with someone that doesn't listen to your concerns about the relationship.

Dr. Sex: You've only been with him for a month! Kick his noisy crack to the curb and find yourself a real man that respects you.

Dr. Fairchild: Dr. Sex talking about respect? Wow, that says a lot about your situation! It's true that you should definitely review the relationship if you are having so many problems so early on. If he is this smelly after a month...

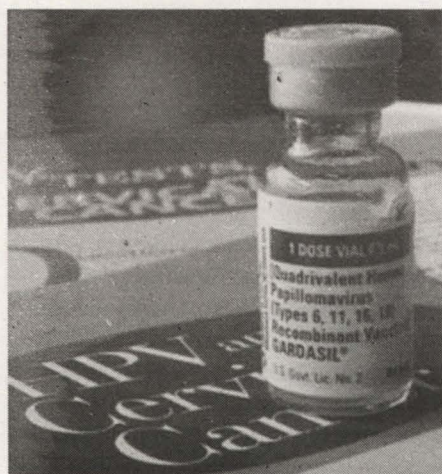
Dr. Sex: ...then who knows what is going to crawl up his gaping ass and die in a year!! Before you let him go, ask him if he has a fart fetish—that could be his vulgar problem.

Dr. Fairchild: Fart fetishes are a valid turn-on for some, but if you are not into it now, it is unlikely you will warm up to his wishes. Compatibility sounds like the underlying issue here, and moving on is the best thing for everyone.

Dr. Sex: Just remember—farts are funny, but there is a time and a place for them. Search "fart" on www.pornotube.com if you wish to continue your own research on fart fetishes! Thanks for your letter!

The HPV Vaccine: Is it a Shot in the Dark?

Josie Padro



Cancer is bad; cancer prevention is good. That seems simple enough, but the recent controversy over Gardasil, a vaccine for cervical cancer, doesn't seem to be going away.

Gardasil produces immunity to four strains of the sexually transmitted human papilloma virus (HPV), which cause cervical cancer and genital warts. This year the governments of Ontario and the Atlantic Provinces intend to use the drug as part of a program to immunize teen and pre-teen girls. A similar Gardasil-based program for girls in BC is being considered for next year. Meanwhile, opposition to the immunization programs is coming from some highly credible sources.

A Few Facts

According to the Canadian Medical Association, cervical cancer is the second most common cancer in women between the ages of 20 and 44, with HPV causing the majority of cases. Cervical cancer is slow-growing, so Canadian women have been advised that regular Pap tests are a good way to detect the cancer in its early stages. When it's caught early, treatment is the relatively simple matter of removing the cancer cells through a procedure that is only a little more involved than the Pap test itself. But there are still 400 women every year who die from the disease.

Gardasil, manufactured by the drug company Merck-Frosst, is almost 100 percent effective against the four types of HPV that cause 70 percent of cervical cancers and 90 percent of genital warts. In clinical trials, researchers discovered that girls in the 9 to 15 year old group, who had been given the vaccine, showed a much larger immune response to HPV than did women in the 16 to 26 year old age group. For this reason, health authorities recommend immunizing girls in late elementary or early high school.

Confusion still exists

It seems that much of the discussion in the media hasn't filtered down to the people who actually qualify for the vaccine. On campus, many women know

little or nothing about Gardasil. Those who have heard about the vaccine aren't rushing out to get it, and of those we spoke to, most say the cost of the vaccine, at close to \$400, would prevent them from getting it.

Natalie, a physical education student, says she has no strong opinion on the subject, but feels confident that if public health officials recommend the vaccine then it must have positive health benefits. "It would be a good idea for the government to cover it," she said. It shouldn't be expensive if they want people to get it."

"I need to find out more about it," says Katrina, a music student. She felt the cost of the vaccine would definitely prevent her from getting it.

Shelley, a visiting SFU student, said she hasn't thought too much about it. "It's not worth the trouble to find out," she says. "I just concentrate on things I have more control over, like exercise and living a healthy lifestyle."

Desiree, who is studying social work, thinks the vaccine is a good idea. "My mom works in a hospital and I heard about it from her. A lot of my friends are getting it." Desiree said she hopes to get immunized some time in the next year, but at the moment, cost is a barrier.

Finally, Sara, a Print Futures graduate has decided against the shot. About the government's plan to immunize teen girls, she says, "I feel that the money would be better spent educating children about staying healthy in ways that we *know* have positive long-term effects: eating properly, exercising, staying positive. If I had a child in school I wouldn't trust it to be used. It's too risky to be thrown into schools so quickly."

Access to Health Care for All?

Susan Briggs, instructor in the English Department at Douglas, says she was unsure how to counsel her daughter about

the HPV vaccine because information about Gardasil was so contradictory. She made the decision to pay for her daughter's immunization after asking her family doctor whether she had immunized her own daughters. Her doctor said yes. Briggs felt that this was a solid endorsement and felt comfortable recommending and paying for her daughter's vaccine shortly after.

But Susan Briggs is also concerned about all the girls who can't pay for the vaccine. She points out that the Canada Health Act promises to provide equal health care for all. As it stands, there is a big divide between those who can afford the vaccine and those who can't.

Opposition from Surprising Corners

While women weigh the pros and

cons of getting immunized against HPV, the debate rages on in the media. In the September issue of *Common Ground*, Alan Cassels comes out swinging against Gardasil. He says, "what's most striking about this issue is the crass vaccine-mongering coming from public health officials who seem bent on pushing the vaccine as if there were an imminent epidemic."

Cassels, a well-known thorn in the side of the medical establishment, is no flake.

He has caused all kinds of discomfort to mainstream medicine by publishing *Selling Sickness: How the World's Biggest Pharmaceutical Companies Are Turning Us All into Patients*, which he co-authored with Ray Moynihan. Cassels is also a credible academic affiliated with the School of Health Information Sciences at the University of Victoria.

Some in mainstream medicine agree with Alan Cassels. Also published this August in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal (CMAJ)* was a commentary by Abby Lippman of McGill University's Department

of Epidemiology, Biostatistics and Occupational Health. Ms Lippman has several concerns she believes need to be addressed before the vaccine is used in a "full scale rollout of an HPV vaccine campaign."

Lippman points out that, at the moment, there is no epidemic of cervical cancer in Canada. In fact, she says, there has actually been a *decline* in the number of women diagnosed and the number of deaths from the disease. She also believes that because cervical cancer is slow-growing, death rates in women who go for routine Pap tests are extremely low. She suggests that money would be better spent trying to recruit women from groups who routinely forgo Pap tests.

Lippman says the goals of the HPV vaccination program are unclear. She says if the goal is to create "herd immunity"—group resistance to a disease—then the vaccine should be given to men as well as to women. If the vaccine is being given to prevent cervical cancer then it should offer immunity to all types of cancer-causing HPV strains.

Doing the right thing

Public health officials remain confident

Continued on Page 14



"At the moment, there is no epidemic of cervical cancer in Canada. In fact, there has actually been a decline in the number of women diagnosed"

HPV, Cancer and Your Cervix

- There are more than 100 types of human papilloma virus (HPV); 40 are sexually transmitted
- HPV types 16 and 18 can cause cervical cancer, types 6 and 11 can cause genital warts
- In the US, most of the women who were diagnosed with cervical cancer had never had a Pap test, or had not had one in the last 5 years
- Cervical cancer in its early stages can be treated successfully with a minor procedure
- Risk factors for cervical cancer included early onset of sexual activity, contact with higher numbers of sexual partners, use of birth control pills, lowered immunity as a result of another medical condition, and occurrence of other sexually transmitted diseases.

The New Pornographers at the Commodore

September 28, 2007

Luke Simcoe, OPA&E Editor

With a new record under their belts, and fresh off an appearance on Letterman last month, The New Pornographers recently embarked upon a Western tour that saw dates in places ranging from Victoria to Albuquerque. On September 28, Vancouver's best band—according to the *Georgia Straight's* Best of Vancouver poll—I'm just happy Nickelback didn't win—returned home to close out their tour in front of a sold-out crowd at the Commodore Ballroom.

The 'Broken Social Scene of the West' had both Fancy and Lavender Diamond in tow for the show. Fancy is the brainchild of Todd Fancy—a sometimes Pornographer—and he follows the same formula that the Pornos do, but he lacks the songwriting talent and the vocal chops to pull it off. Lavender Diamond frontwoman Becky Stark was spunky and engaging—unfortunately her music wasn't. It's not that Lavender Diamond isn't a good band, it's just that down-tempo folk ballads aren't exactly what you're after for when you come calling for the power-pop bliss of The New



Pornographers.

Shortly before eleven, the black curtains in front of the stage closed. Quite frankly, I didn't even know that they had curtains at the Commodore, and it definitely gave me the shot of anticipation and energy that I needed after the opening acts. I suppose the fact that the sound system started blaring "Classical Gas" helped as well, but I digress.

When the curtains finally parted, they revealed the full band, including fair-weather live attendees Neko Case and Dan Bejar, silhouetted against a stage lit only by a blazing New

Pornographers sign hanging from the rafters. Unfortunately, this was probably the dramatic highpoint of the evening, as frontman Carl Newman has a tendency to stay rooted to his spot in the middle of the stage. Nevertheless, with Neko and Dan in attendance there was still enough charisma to go around.

As expected, the new, slower songs off of *Challengers* kind of dragged, while the highlights from their earlier records shone brighter than the band's aforementioned emblem. The band is one of the best for a reason, and it's almost impossible not to bop your head to the strains of "Use It," or stamp your

foot in time with Neko's tambourine while she belts out the chorus of "Letter From an Occupant."

Still, the schizophrenic setlist suffered from poor planning, with slower numbers consistently being followed by up-tempo rockers and vice versa, which seemed to prevent the band from ever finding their groove. The set leaned too heavily on newer, and frankly weaker, material, and ignored many of the finer moments from the Pornos' underrated sophomore record, *Electric Version*. Also, Bejar would pop up from out of nowhere for one of his songs, with either a guitar or a beer in his hand, and then retreat backstage as soon as the last chord was struck. Granted, he did play both "Chump Change," and "Jackie Dressed in Cobras."

All in all, it was a strong performance, and the band treated their hometown crowd to not one, but two encores. Still, it's a little sad that one of our country's finest bands is no more engaging live than they are on record. Perhaps improving their live show is a challenge they should take up themselves.

"Johnny 99" by Bruce Springsteen

Song of the Week

Patrick Mackenzie

Bruce Springsteen's *Nebraska*, released in 1982, is populated with characters whose lives are filled with longing, loneliness, and desperation. While the songs on the album are bound by a cheerless subtext that presents images of abandoned people living on the fringes of society, "Johnny 99" gives the listener a concrete answer to the question of violence running through American culture.

Dark and spare, *Nebraska* is a one-man show that highlights Bruce Springsteen's characteristic mournful voice. For the entirety of the record, a single guitar and a few bursts of the harmonica provide the Boss' only accompaniment. When one reads the lyrics, it seems inconceivable that *Nebraska* could have been made with any kind of backing musicians—let alone The Springsteen's usual over-the-top E Street Band. While still touching on Springsteen's common areas of concern—namely blue collar America and the plight of working people—the

subject matter of the songs on *Nebraska* seem to be too dark, or at least too common to too many people to be obscured by a bombastic rock band: hence the more direct approach of guitar and vocals.

"Johnny 99" starts out with a high pitched moan which later on ruptures the song as an aggressive bark—the apparent voice of despair of the song's protagonist who is sentenced to 99 years for armed robbery. Seemingly standing in ironic contrast to the sad story being told, the acoustic guitar gives an almost rockabilly cadence to the song. But perhaps lessening that contrast is the wailing harmonica that bursts through the swinging guitar like a weeping man being led to prison.

Like the rest of the songs on *Nebraska*, "Johnny 99" tells a story. Ralph, who afterwards is rechristened Johnny 99 for the severe prison sentence he receives, is the victim of a factory closure. Springsteen laments, "well they closed down the auto plant in Mahwah late last month/ Ralph went out lookin' for a job but he couldn't

find none." With these opening lines it doesn't take much imagination to know where the rest of the song is headed. But rather than be a simple tale of a hapless man hitting rock bottom, "Johnny 99" goes further to reveal, at the risk of offending right-wing conservatives, that sometimes crime, even violent crime, is rooted in deeper social and economic ills. Springsteen revealingly sings, "now judge I got debts no honest man could pay/the bank was holding my mortgage and they was taking my house away/ now I ain't sayin' that makes me an innocent man/ but it was more 'n all this that put that gun in my hand."

Unlike most of the songs on *Nebraska* that vaguely hover over a subtext of social and economic abandonment, "Johnny 99" gives an absolute cause for the behavior of one man. By doing so, this most political of Bruce Springsteen's songs glaringly displays the complicity of the machinations of an indifferent economy and the surrounding

American culture implicit in Johnny 99's self destruction. His fate is ours as



The Foo Fighters are Back

A Review of Echoes, Silence, Patience, and Grace

Mark Fisher



I've always liked the Foo Fighters, but I'll be the first to say that their previous album, the dual disc *In Your Honor*, didn't work. The idea of making one CD of fast, hard rock songs and another CD of quieter acoustic ballads was novel, but like most double albums a lot of the songs felt like filler, particularly on the acoustic half. Some of the songs were great, but they could have saved everyone \$8 and just put out a single disc without any mediocre material on it. I did like that they tried something different—a band like the Foo Fighters

doesn't need to change their formula in order to generate sales—so I respect that they tried something new instead of just repeating the same formula again.

Why am I starting off my review of their new album by giving you a review of their previous one? Because this is album is the album that the last album should have been. It combines the harder rock songs with the softer acoustic ones perfectly, and shows the Foo Fighters taking their music in new directions, and best of all, doesn't have any filler that will cost you an extra \$8. *Echoes, Silence, Patience, and Grace* will be warmly welcomed by anyone who likes the Foo Fighters but wasn't overly impressed by *In Your Honor*. And most of the people who were overly impressed by *In Your Honor* were the die hard Foo Fighter fans who will love the new album by default anyway. Everyone wins!

The songs on *Echoes, Silence, Patience, and Grace* pick up nicely from where the Foo Fighters last left off. The mellow acoustic songs on the album, such as "Stranger Things Have Happened," sound more refined than the similar songs from their last outing.

Some of the songs have a folk music or country feel to them, which before *In Your Honor* would have been a departure from the band's typical material. One of these songs "Long Road to Ruin" would be the perfect song for a prairie road trip.

After having to stretch themselves in order to produce enough diverse songs to fill a double album, The Foos seem more comfortable breaking from the mold here. For example, "Statues," a piano ballad, has a fiddle and an accordion in the background instead of guitars.

The first Foo Fighters instrumental to appear on an album, "Ballad of the Beaconsfield Miners," is a guitar duet with rising jazz guitarist Kaki King. The song is named after miners who were buried

alive and spent their time in the mine listening to Foo Fighters on their iPods until they were rescued. King is one of several guest musicians on the album; Pat Smear, the Foo Fighters' original guitarist, also makes an appearance. He helps lend a grunge era sound reminiscent of the Foo Fighter's self titled debut to the album's second track, "Let It Die," an intense song that will flash a lot of fans back to Dave and Pat's Nirvana days—Pat was also Nirvana's second guitarist on their last tour, and he can be heard on both of Nirvana's live albums.

In addition to Mr. Smear, another familiar face that worked with the Foos back in the day is the album's producer, Gil Norton. Norton was the man behind the boards for the seminal and anthemic *The Color and the Shape*, and eleven

years later, Gil proves once again that he knows how to get the best out of the band. Hopefully they'll bring him back for another album after this one. This album compares better to *The Color and the Shape* than any of the Foos other subsequent albums.

The album does have a few flaws to it. The song "Cheer Up, Boys (Your Make Up Is Running)" has a great title, and you're totally expecting a hilarious emo fan bashing song to follow. But

there's no humor in the song besides its brilliant title. Dave Grohl instead gives a "grow up" message to emo performers. The song feels like a single, so maybe they're saving the funny stuff for the video—they didn't do

a humorous video on their last album, but they have in the past for songs like "Learn To Fly" and "Breakout." So they're due for another one. While the 12 songs on the album are mostly diverse, the band overuses their tried and true technique of starting a song really quiet for the first verse and chorus, and then kicking into loud guitars and screaming after about a minute and a half. The final flaw is the album's closing track "Home." The song is Dave Grohl by himself on the piano. The song slow, boring, and you're better off just stopping the album after track 11. I'm sure Dave Grohl is capable of writing a good solo piano song, but this isn't it. If this album is any indication, by the time their next album comes out, he'll have it down pat.

"the harder rock songs combine with the softer acoustic ones perfectly, and shows the Foo Fighters taking their music in new directions"

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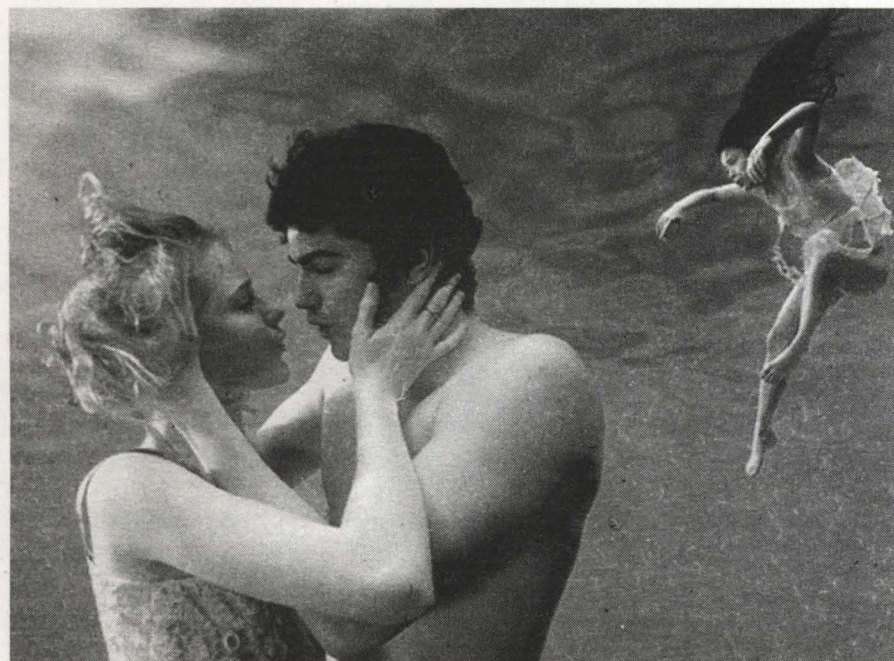
Beatles Musical Rocks Across the 60s

Review of "Across The Universe"

Iain Reeve

I remember years ago I was working a summer job as a lowly gas station attendant. Between fights with asshole customers, and the mindless busywork that I used to fill the hours I sold for eight dollars each, I used to come up with ideas for movies and plays. At the time I wanted to be a film/stage director—an idea long abandoned—and one of my plum ideas was a musical using all the characters and places of Beatles songs, all set to the songs of The Beatles. While I'm bummed—but obviously not surprised—that someone beat me to the punch, Julie Traymore's vision is far more substantive and awe inspiring than anything that could have come out of a twenty-something former gas jockey.

Across the Universe follows Jude, a young working stiff from Liverpool as he journeys to New York during the 60s. Along the way he befriends Ivy League dropout Maxwell—known for his silver hammer—and his beautiful sister Lucy. Young people being as they are, the two fall madly for each other, just in time to take a tour manic and somewhat clichéd tour of the hippie decade. They are joined by other people shoved in because they are named after Beatles songs, among them Sadie, JoJo, and Prudence. However, conflicting views of the times, the Vietnam war,



and good old fashioned breakdowns in communication threaten to tear the group apart.

But honestly, the story isn't really the focus. It's fine enough, but someone looking for a real journey through the 60s should see *Forest Gump*. What's important is that the songs are amazing and—usually—cleverly integrated into the plot and that the people and scenery are beautiful.

The songs in the film span the Beatles' career and come in a semi-chronological order. Simpler times are

set by "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" and "If I Fell In Love With You" among others. While the Vietnam and protest aspects of the film are peppered with the Beatles more political and rock-oriented songs like "Helter Skelter," "I Want You (She's So Heavy)," and "Revolution 1." The songs are well placed and diverse, making sure every Beatles fan will hear several songs they love.

And really that's the charm of the film. The big Beatles fan will love just sitting back, looking at the pretty scenery, having the occasional laugh,

and waiting for the next song to pop up. The arrangements of the songs run from serviceable to invigorating, like most attempts to redo swathes of the Beatles catalogue, like in the soundtrack to *I Am Sam*.

The performances are like the plot, suitably generic and semi-human. You can only expect so much in a musical, and these folks do it. While it's hard to tell how much studio doctoring went into the actor's voices, but they all—especially Jim Sturgess who plays Jude—sound pretty good. Cameos from Bono as Doctor Robert and comedian Eddie Izzard as Mr. Kite feel somewhat forced, but are entertaining enough I suppose. As much as I love Izzard, they should have pushed him to sing "Being For the Benefit of Mr. Kite"—it's not exactly a hard song. Instead he talks his way through it kind of awkwardly.

While it's true that my generation needed another movie telling us how cool and important our parent's generation was like a hole in the head, this one gives me something I feel there can almost not be enough movies about: The Beatles. If you're a fan of movie musicals or the Fab Four you should check it out. If you're not, then skip it. It's pretty simple.

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Continued from Page 9

HPV Vaccine

Josie Padre

that the HPV vaccine is a worthwhile cancer prevention strategy. Dr. Murray Fyfe, Medical Health Officer for Vancouver Island makes several points in response to the concerns raised by Alan Cassels and Abby Lippman.

The goal of the immunization campaign, reports Dr Fyfe, is to reduce the risk women will get cervical cancer from the two strains of HPV, type 16 and 18. While it's true that there is no epidemic, every year 1,350 women will be diagnosed with the disease and 400 women will die of it. In both men and women, HPV causes genital warts as well as cancers of the penis, anus and vulva.

According to Dr. Fyfe, it's quite normal to begin a vaccination program without knowing the answers to questions such as how long vaccine will protect against the disease, as was the case in 2004 when health officials began immunizing against a potentially fatal form of pneumonia. He says that before

it was approved for use, Gardasil was subjected to a thorough scientific review by Health Canada. Also, the World Health Organization's Advisory Committee on Vaccine Safety has reviewed all the data on the safety of the vaccine.

Decisions, decisions

So how to decide whether Gardasil is a good idea or not? Like every other consumer choice, it's a matter of doing the research and choosing an option that works for you. Even if Gardasil protects against HPV it does not provide immunity to other sexually transmitted infections such as AIDS and Chlamydia, and it doesn't mean you can forgo regular Pap tests. On the other hand, if having a shot means you don't have to be included in that group of 400 women who will die of the disease this year, it might be worth it.

WORD ON THE STREET

Travis Paterson, OP Star

What are you doing for Thanksgiving?



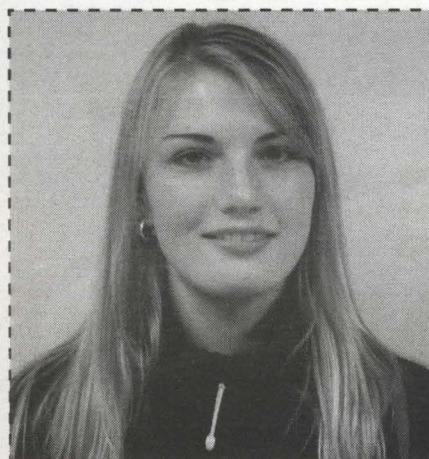
Heather
General Studies

"Having dinner with my boyfriend's family, and going to Victoria to party with my girlfriends."



Lauren
Bachelor of Phys. Ed.

"Family dinner and partying with friends who are back from out-of-town school."



Cambria
General Studies

"Dinner at my parents, and getting in shape with pre-turkey and post-turkey workouts."



Mark
Sports Science and Business

"A good bit of hiking in the Cap-pacific area, and the usual turkey, maybe some Raiders' football."

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Wanted

OPTions for Sexual Health (formerly Planned Parenthood) is looking for volunteers to assist on the Facts of Life Line, a toll-free, confidential, sexual health information and referral resource line. Call 604.731.4552 ext. 224, or visit www.optionsforsexualhealth.com.

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